# On Pike's Peake's Top.

From the moment I saw Pike's Peak, a hundred miles across the plates in the clear air of Colorado, I was haunted by a desire to stand on its summit. The opportunity came when I reached Manitou, which may be briefly described as Saratoga distributed along the sides of an extremely picturesque

Colorado Springs is the westernmest verge of the vast plains that stretch from apoint in Kansas, five hundred miles to the Rockies. Manitou, s., miles further west, is where the slope the great chain noticeably be gins. This charming watering place is easy of access, being on a branch of the Denver and Rio Grande railroad, which seems to be ubiquitous in Colorado, traversin the mountains in every direction and penetrating the remantic heart of the Rockies. Every foot of greand here is a miracle of beauty and grand sur. The whole region has been the scene of a mighty primeval convolsion, and the long period of quiescace is in estrict proportion to the visible magnitude of the activities of which this region was once the theatre. Rocks whose massiveness would require all our modern enginery to stir were sported with as mere toys, and fleeing like fount flocks thousands of feet into air and there left balanced as silent witnesses of a power that awes the observer. One might well fancy himself in a workshop where whole worlds had been made.

At Manitsu we are all ready as far above the sea is onless is Mt. Washington, but Pike's Peak lowers 5,000 feet higher still, and I might as well say right here that next summer (all see) the tourist will be able to ascend to the summit by means of a railroad similar to that up Mt. Washington. The road is now under construction and will be a nodel of its kind. We are really too zear to realize its true height. Not far from Maniton, not from the "Garden of the God." are even from Colorade Springs, does one gain a just conception of the softiness of the regal mountain. It is conly when you are fifty miles to the south beyond Pueble, following the curves of the Arianand I might as well say right nese that next Pueble, following the curves of the Arkansas, as you lift your eyes to the north and see the great peak shouldering its way into the clouds, as far above the general level of the Rockies as they are above that of the plains, that its real supereminence dawns upon

your mind.

For a rough outline plan, begin at the Atlantic and slope two thousand miles of continent at such an angle that the end of the last mile shall be six thousand feet above sea levelor on a line with the top of Mt. Washington. This is our pedestal. Now take twelve miles and elevate it until the end of the last mile is eight thousand feet, or one and a half miles a ove the top of our pedestal or two and a half miles above sea

pedestal or two and a half mises above sea level. This gives you Pike's Peak. Techtain the general appearance of the range, fancy some giant to have picked up from his cyclops an workshop mountains, the first handful like the familiar Storm King at the opening of the Highlands of the Hud-son, each later handful of the escapely inceson, each later handful of successively largson, each later handful of successively larger size, and to have dropped them in tiers whose summits recede each 50s feet above the one immediately in front of it. Remomber he begins at the top of a platform already 6,000 feet high. When he drops the fourteenth handful, and your eye has glanced upward, first more than a mile to the top of the platform, to more than a gnarier of a mile to the first line of summits, then half a thousand feet at a glance, till the thereenth is reached, your sight will at that moment

is reached, your sunt will at that moment rest upon the snow cap that sits on the baid head of the Monaren of the Rockies. This towering height is reached by a hard, broad road for two miles and a mere trail, just wide enough for the feet of a horse and at a distance looking like a cobweb line, for

"Six o clock!" calls out the watchman at the door of my chamber. The light is dim, the air is chill, and the mountain brook un-

the air is chil, and the mountain brook under the window sings dreamily. Who would want to rise under such circumstances: But breakfast waits the ponies wait, and the guides wait, and the members of the party wait, and perforce we must sir.

Seon we are in the saddle, trotting up the broad road past the mineral springs. Recruits join us at every fork, and when we stretch out on the trail there are fifteen of us, including two guides and one lady. Three of the party are mounted on smules, the rest on ponies—surefooted all, they say, we trust so, for the trail mounts steadily up the steep side of the ravine—so narrow the path that the trees have had to be hollowed out to make room for the sides of our beasts. Sometimes a wall of rock cuts off Sometimes a wall of rock cuts off the track altogether, sac a slender bridge at a dizzy height clings to the face of the

cliff and echoes to the tread of our panies.

A thick for fills the chasm. Out of it at times peer rocks so huge that from single ones could be built churches or cap tols.

ones could be built churches or capitols. Could one but have leard the crash of their fall when they thundered down the steeps and tore away forests in their path!

All the wide the mountain brook that woodd us in vain to sleep in the morning sings on in the mist below us. Through the whole ascent its music follows us, until we reach its source in the melting snows at the very summit, sometimes far below, sometimes close upon our right. Sometimes directly beneath, again at our left, again about the feet of our horses as we ford it. Its rectly beneath, again at our left, again about the feet of our horses as we ford it. Its melody varies with the shape of its channel and the speed of its movement, at times swift and narrow and deep, then broad and shallow and brawling over its stony bed, then channel at the attempt of some monster rock to bar its pissage, and raging and feaming and roaring as it dashes to the right and to the left and flings its spray contemptuously back, then leaping singly in a long, graceful curve down a steep descent, then parting and leaping again by twee, by threes, and joining divisions and rushing on threes, and joining divisions and rushing on in glee at brief rivally, and always singing soles, ducts, full chorus in every most un-til the note of the dripping snow becomes toe exquisite for the hearing of dull mortal

At the Halfway house we dismount close Atthe Hailway house we demount close to a trout pend and a beautiful sheltered cascade. In ten minutes we are again in the addle. Soon we reach a wide, level stretch and put our horses to the gallon. The sun bursts upon us and the heavens ahead are dense blue.

Now the trail becomes very steep, through the graying trails of a deformed force.

About are dense blue.

Now the trail becomes very steen, through the gnariei trunks of a deformed forest, where storm after storm has buried rocks and trees in the widest fury. The broken line of the original signal service telegraph to the station at the top tells the story of the hopefees altempt of just one season to maintain such a connection with the world below. Now all signaling is by heliograph—h: flashes of light from the top of rike's Peak to the level of the plains at Coloradest prings, eighteen miles distant.

When we emerge from the scarred forest we are above timber line, in the midst of lovely and raised wild flowers. Far below shine the mirror like surfaces of mountain lakes. The party now seem like flies elinging to an almost vertical wall and moving obliquely to its top. The guide calls "Haiting at the last spring, and again a little further on at a stone three miles from the top. At the latter place he bid us let the horses graze a little que the snowy grass.

When we next move on, our course lies through a great field of scattered pink work.

the latter place be bidy us let the horses grass a little or the snowy grass.

When we next move on, our course lies through a creat field of scattered pink mock, extensive enough to be the ruins of all the ancient cities in the world. The postes dwist and turn and shake and leap upward and drop downward, and advance with difficulty over the nucleon blocks of rock, which resound under the hoofs like the fleoring of a bridge. The rider must have a care for his feet here or they will often be caught between the sides of his beast and the wails of the trail in a firm vice.

Over this changing pavement of rock we advance three miles, and then at high noon, after just five hours of climbins, we leap from our saddle, give our minuals into the keeping of the guides and pick our way, lunch in head, towards the low stone building which holds the government's weather observers; which holds, too, a roaring figure of the trailes the government's weather observers; which holds, too, a roaring figure as at the threshold.

What if it is 25 cents a cup! We do not propose to live here—and one don't count.

Now quickly we breathe! how exhausting the least exertien, and how the blood

wounts to the hond and drowsiness overpowers us! But we have changed intitudes
by a mile and a half since breakfast, and
we are not yet accimated.

The photographer wishes to take our
pictures. He may catch all he can. We
came to sea, and not to be seen, and so we
make for the northern edge of the summit,
Here we see a sheer prescipice of debris piled 1 imultuously and soon lost to view in the
billowy must that swathes the sides of the
mountain. How complete is this solitude!
We seem to be sating alone through infinite space! How profound is this silence,
unbroken by a whispor! The bir ds noiselessy lay the face of the cliffs and the currentse of air intermingle in perfect stillness.
With startling effect the graff thunder suddenly rumbles up from the pit far below. It
is as if God had spoken, and uttered with
articulate voice the deep thoughts then stiring in our bissoms.

The milst susdenly sweeps toward us.

articulate vol. e the deep thoughts then sur-ing in our biscours.

The mist susdenly sweeps toward us.
We seek the shelter of the signal station.
Without the ball rattles on the rocks and rebounds into the air. Once we step out and, holding up both hands, feel the thrill of the electric current and hear it sing a well doing as it escapes from our finger tips.

When the storm ceases we watch the when the storm ceases we watch the shoen of the sun glance on the billowy upper surfaces of the white couds that midway down the mountain hide completory the world from which we come. Swiftly, like a drawn custain, they roll away, and as from

the height of another planet we look upon the majestic globe beneath.

Mountains no longer rise, but are con-structed from the apex and slope from peak to base. Forests, great and grim, become simple dark rinkies on the mountain sides. A city is abridged to the dimensions of one of its sources, and a great water course beof its squares, and a great water course becomes a dark green tape laid in folds on the lighter hund surface of the endless and

plains. We are chilled to the marrow. The guides give the summons to start. We harry to our horses, don our slickers and begin the julting decent in a snow storm, which has already pitel the most flakes animely deprendent heightens the green of the grass and the tuits of the flowers which how went to

heightens the green of the grass are the tints of the flowers, which how seem to grow out of the now.

We linger to case our sore limbs and to gather a hatful of the flora. We do not re-alize the extent of our loitering until, long after the last man absend has been lost to our view, one of our guides is seen spurring in haste back to us, and is heard to utter the warning; "Gentlemen, if you want to get bome to night you will have to make better time!"

better time?"

"Patience, good guide; our limbs are racked and these wild flowers are two beautiful to be left."

Still, we heed the counsel, and used to the roughness and steepness of the way, and putting an absolute trust in the waterful eyes and unerring feet of our sanies, we rush where we had only crept is ascending. Through the wo-ded level we fly like arrows and when the cascade bridge thunders under the hoofs of our steeds our party is regained.

regalned. There is no fog in the ravine new; the de-The c is no fog in the ravine new, the de-clining sun sends its slant rays far out on the plain; the wooded rock strewn sides of the gorge are barred with light and standow; the balanced rocks on their tall columns look down with sentinel like approval; the raby gates of the "Garden of the Gost" lift up their cremasus, pertals just ahead; the firm rock of the sammit becomes the crambling bonder by the side of the trail, becomes at last the powdered red dust of the bread road; the music of the brook be-comes as, even song, and with one merry gallop we are safe bone. James F. Traux, in the Great Divide.

### Bought and Sold.

The balance of trade last year between the United States and foreign lands was \$45,000,000 on the wrong who died in April, 1710, at the age of side. It was against this country in thirty-seven. Amonument was erected 1887, but not so much by \$40,000,000 as to his memory in Westover at the exin 1888. Here is a summary of foreign pense of the state. He left a son named trade statistics just issued:

figures are taken shows that the falling Benjamin, the great-grandfather of the off in errorts is almost whotly in agri-president, and one of the singers of the Declaration of Independence. It could cultural products, and that the increase of imports is in live animals and articles of food, chiefly the former. There said that he was the father of a ruler was little difference between the two and the great-grandfather of a culer of periods in either imports or exports of a country far more great and happy manufactures.

Our export business ought to grow. from. The way to bring growth is to help
American shipping. We are still Independence married Miss Bassett.

They had three sons—Benjamin, Carter by the lack of merchant vessels. English, criminate against our own products. States. Merchandise supped from New York married Randolph N. Wilton. to the west coast of South America "President Harrison's son goes by way of Liverpeol or Havrs. If Scott, was the father of the president of the pres ed that would give us direct communi- land has been clearly shown." cation with foreign markets and carry merchandise at low rates, thus enabling American manufacturees to compete everywhere, on fair terms, with English and German producers.

As to the decrease in agricultural exports shown by the treasury figures, the fine crops in Europe largely account for The increase of imports of five animals is evidence that the farmers are devoting themselves more generally than ever before to the improvement of their stock.—Cincinnati Times.

A Smart Pig Really Without Brains.
The body of an exceedingly fat pig hangs on a hook in the butcher-shop of Carson & Emmons in Freehold, N. J., but the head has been removed for scientific examination. The animal is said to have been the wisest hog in all breehold, and it owned its death to its Erechold, and it owed its death to its on supplementing his facts with docurare intelligence, for it was killed less mentary evidence, "in his book on the for gastronomic purposes than to allow for gastronomic purposes than to allow son family: Of all the ancient families some doctors, who were interested in in the colony that of Harrison, if not the question, to ascertain the quantity, the quality and exact situation of so saga-Hutchinson, who slew the pig. jumped nervously back when he had thrust the knife into the seat of understanding. for he feared that the teaming mass might rush out and overwhelm him. There was no cause for alarm. The brain carity was, indeed, there, but it was so small that a half-inch probe would have reached it in any direction. and it was entirety empty. The most intelligent pig in Freehold hadn't a particle of brain in his head. The brain of a pig is never very large, but both doctors and butchers agree that to find one wholly braintees is a case absolutely without precedent within their knowledge. - New York Sun.

# Where It Went.

Liquor Dealer-"I thought there was half a barrel of that campaign whisky and ir 'he hotel lobbies every day one loft."

## HARRISON'S GENEALOGY.

Ancestory of the Present President of the United States.

He Descended from Master John Harrison, Virginia's First Gov-nor, and Is No Relation to Cromwell's Minion--His Family Tree and Crest.

There have been many statements hade to the effect that the president was a descendant from Cromwell's General Harrison, writes the Washington correspondent of the Chicago Tribune. The president has been written to on the subject, and his widely-published reply went to show that if he did not believe that the associate of the "bleedy Cromwell" was his ancestor he was not entirely sure of the fact.

I am able to asseverate and conclusively prove, I think, that the president of the United States is no more descended from the regiclde than he is

from the regicide's chief.

Mr. B. E. Blackford, originally of Fredericksburg, Va., but a resident of Washington for the last five decades, has made heraldry and genealogy his fad for many years, and has made an especial study of the lineage and ancestry of the old Virginia families. He fought beneath the Stars and Bars in the rebellion, and in his democracy he is noteworthy and nurelenting. These facts gave an additional emphasis when he said to me the other day:

"As an old Virginian I resent the idea that the descendant of one of the oldest of our Virginia families and the president of our country should for a moment be considered to have sprung from regicides. The glaring character of the misstatement can be shown in a few words. Cromwell's General Harrison is merely supposed to have come to America after Cromwell's death, in Now, as I will prove to you, the nucestor of the president was govern-ing Virginia in 1623, tweaty-seven years before the Cromwellite is said to have come to America.

MASTER JOHN HARRISON. "Among the second importation of Virginia colonists under John Smith about the year 1609 was one Master John Harrison, gentleman. In 1623 the Virginia Company, as a private corpora-tion, was extinguished, and Master John Harrison was made governor of Vir-To him is, 1645 was born a son, who in due time became known as Benjamin Harrison, of Surrey. This son was the first great landed proprietor of his name in Virginia. He was burried at Westover on the James river, and a monument was erected on the lawn of family estate. The monument, which is still extant, bears the following epitaph:

Here lyeth the body of Honora-ble Benjamin Harrison, Esquire, who did justice, loved mercy, and walked humbly with his God; was always loyal to his Prince, and a great confector to his country.

"This worthy man," continued Mr. Blackford, "left three sons. The eldest was a Benjamin Harrison, of Berkeley, Benjamin, who married a daughter of Robert Carter, of Corotoman, called not have been said of him that he was than ever prince or king drew bounty

(a member of congress) and William German and French lines naturally dis- Henry, ninth president of the United There was one daughter, who

"President Harrison's son, John Scott was the father of the president, the government would pay liberally for and I think you will admit that the the ocean mail service we should soon succession from Master John to the see American steamship lines establish-

HAZRISON'S FAMILY TREE. Mr. Blackford rapidly drew a partial genealogical tree, which tells its own story at a glance:

ory at a glance:

Master John Harrison,

First governor of Virginia in 1623.

Benjamin Harrison, of Scrret,

Born 1515

His son,

Benjamin Harrison, of Berkeley,

Died April 1710.

His son,

Benjamin Harrison,

Killed by lightning.

His son.

\*Convention of 1776,' says of the Harri-

eldest, is one of the oldest. Mr. Blackford also showed me the coat of arms of the Harrison family and described them as follows in heraldic vernacular:

"Perpale qu. and az .; an eagle dis played or murally gorged of the first, between two pheons in fesse arg., chief indented erminois. "Crest. The faces fessivise ppr.

banded gu, surmounted by an anchor erect, entwined by a cable—all gold. "A prominent english family, the Harrison's of Tynemouth," said Mr. Blackford in conclusion, "of record in Burke's Landed Gentry, has adopted these arms and the crest, although their genealogy is not traceable to the far older family, the Harrisons of Virginia."

# Comanche Jack's Record.

In this western city on the streets meets with many of the most noted through the barrel, and ran into the the Wighita (Kan.) correspondent of a boodle alderman or something of the St. Lovis Post Diesettle.

Harte would here find many subjects for wild western history that would throw some of his previous creations of fiction into the shade. The Indian Territory is near by, where there is for wild western history that would employed a large number of brave and hardy men as Doputy United States Marshals who appear periodically in the largest city most convenient to their working place, so that Wichita is often called upon to entertain visitors of almost as much notoriety as "Billy, the Kid," or Jesse James. Chief among this number is Deputy United States Marshal Jack Stillwell, now stationed at Fort Reno, Ind. T. Jack, or rather "Comanche Jack," as he is familiarly known, is a handsome-looking chap, with a laughing blue eye, curly hair slightly tinged with gray, for this noted borderman is just fifty years of nge, about live feet ten or eleven inches in height, and of massive build. He is also the acknowledged crack pistol shot of the west, and even in the of that Kansas eyelone known as "Wild Bill," who never missed a shot, Jack.

Stillwell ranked high. The number of men killed by Jack is variously estimated at from twentyfive to thirty-one, and it is known that in addition he has aided in sending seventeen other men over the valley of death by means of the hangman's noose. Only a few months ago, in fact on November 21, Jack sprung the trap in this city which sent to their death the two noted Creek Indian murderers, Jack and Joe Tobler. Even in this country, where "killers" are to be met with every day. "Comanche Jack' Stillwell is a curiosity, and is pointed out to strangers with a strange mixture

of awe and pride. By this it must not be understood that this gallant Deputy United States Marshal is a desperado who goes about glorying in his bloody work. On the contrary, he is rather retiring in his disposition and only when he has been drinking boasts of his deeds. When desperate work is to be done or a bad desperado is to be taken Stillwell is always the man who is detailed to accomplish it. The territory desperadoes and cut-throats all know and fear the intrepid officer, and are aware of the fact that if he goes after them he will get them, dead or alive. are the trans that have been laid to

kill him, but he is as cunning as he is brave, and has always managed to evade the snares that would have caused the death of a less accomplished plainsman. Brought up as he was among the Comanche Indians, Jack has never exercised the right of franchise, and at the age of fifty has never cast a vote. He speaks the Commehe and several

other Indian languages as well as the Indians do themselves, and during the sitting of the United States court in this city it is always an amusing sight to see the Indians dressed in their primitive way, following the great "White Chief," as they call Jack, about the streets. He calls them his menagerie" and says they are a lot of dirty, thieving wretches for the most part, as well as the most accomplished liars in the world.

## Wilkie Collins at Work.

Mr. Collins, says the Book Buyer, has described the manner in which he works out his plot and clothes this framework with flesh and blood. He used "The Woman in White" to illustrate his method of writing novels. His first effort was to get his central idea-"the pivot on which the story turns." This occurred to him in the shape of a conspiracy in private life by which a woman is robbed of her ideatity by being confounded with another woman whom she closely resembles. the three principal characters in the drama, the conspirator and the two women. Then began the process of building up the story. three things being borne in mind, "to begin at the beginning, to keep the story always advancing, without paying the smallest attention to the serial division in parts, or to the book publication in volumes,

and to decide on the end." The first step was to sketch the plot in the mind-to decide in a very general way upon the development of the story. The beginning of "The Woman in White" gave the author much trouble. He decided upon an opening scene, and spent over a week in writing it out only to throw it away. Nor did any satisfactory idea suggest itself to him until one evening he happened to read in a newspaper of a lugatic who had escaped from an asylum. Instantly the possibility of using this incident occurred to him, and he fell to work upon a new beginning for the story. After that all was comparatively smooth work, the characters and the details of the plot being elaborated as the story advanced. After six months of hard labor the tale was completed.

Other People's Pie. I have seen a dainty maiden. Her eyes are bright and blue, And her head with gold is laden Russet shadows winding through;

She is witty. And she's pretty; At these graces should I linger, And to tell her faults deny, You wouldn't think she'd put a finger In some other body's pie.

When she trips the "light fantastic," Motion's just a poem; 'Fection's gifts, at feet elastic,

Lovers fain would throw 'em;
She tenders scorn
To swains foriorn.
She's enchanting as a singer,
And can make one laugh or cry,
O, that she would keep her finger
Out of other people's pie!

Now—one pie was made of scandal,
"Twas with falschood seasoned:
"Very dang rous thing to handle,"
This she should have reasoned,
But she tried it,
Then denied it.
As 'twas hot enough to singe her;
Now she says she'd like to die,
For, poor muid; she's burnt her finger
Meddling with this scandal pie,
Irena King, Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Up With the Times. Johnny Dumpsey-Say, Will, didn't you ever think you'd like to be a pirate

when you grew up? Willie Popinjay (contemptuously) western characters of the day, writes to be a member of some big Trust, or An Old Time Partisan.

his silver r mmed "specs" pus ed back until they find a soft resting place on his beloved snow white head, with eyes spark-ling and face beaming with pleasare as he calls back old memories of days long cone by, he is likely to talk something after this

"It's a long time since I was a boy. Ah, but that was many years ago. Sixty long years have gone and the good Lord knows they were short enough. I was then as spruce and pert as any chap there bouts. "Oh, but we boys were boys: Things have chapped a been since those days." have changed a heap since those days. Boys then didn't take much stock in stylish clothes and they didn't carry canes like they do now. Clothes and canes didn't cut much caper then, but it was good hard sousce nd work.

The boy who could do the biggist day's work-could cut the most wood, split the most rails, plow the most corn, was the most envied, for he was sure to have the

sweetest and best lookin' gal at the 'sing-in' school' or 'apple pealin'. "I tell you those were good old times! "I didn't think anything of going thirty

mile or more to see your grandmother, and we didn't have very good reads either, but generally had to follow some old In-dian trail, "Talk " about sickness then, there was

"Talken about sickness then, there was no sickness like now. If we had a cold, a pain, or anything, there was the best medicine in the world found in any log cabin home youcame across. Why, I remember that my old grandmother, God bless her soul, she's been dead these fifty years or more, could make the best home made medicine for miles around. Her 'sarsaparilly couldn't be best. Come to think I just read in the paper about someboly who is making this same old log cabin medicine, under the name of 'Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla.'

"It does seem splendid to think that you can buy those go d old home cures at the

druggist's nowadays.

"Mebbe you think people were not healthy in these days, but I teil you that it was mighty seldom shybody was sick long when they had such good old grandmother medicine so handy.

"People med to be stronger, healthice and they lived longer, when I was a boy."

Sherman on the Run. "As being appropriate to the occision." remarked the chairman, "and as a deserved compliment to the distinguished veteran to whose speech we have just listened, the band will now piay a selection." "Where's my hat?" exclaimed General

Sherman excitedly.

And the grizzled old war-horse escaped by a door in the rear as the opening strains of "Marching Through Georgia" smote on his ear.-Chicago Tribune.

#### He Wants Peace-

An old farmer strede into a Cornhill book store the other day, and accosting the dealer said: "Neighbor, my gals have been botherin" me all spring for 'Robert Elgenere: have you got the critter?" As he went out with Mrs. Word's book elerched in his booy hand, he muttered: "Now, dorn it, hope I will have a little peace o' mind till arter I through plowin'."

There are 16 female doctors in the city of

Only 40 per cent of Teledo's voters are taxpayers. Peauuts are recommended as a sure cure for insomnia.

#### Card of Thanks.

If the proprietor of Kemp's Balsam should publish a card of thanks, containing should publish a card of thanks, containing expressions of gratitude which come to him daily from those who have been cured of severe throat and lung troubles by the use of Kemp's Belsam, it would fill a fair-sized book. How much better to havite all to call on any druggist and get a free sample bottle that you may test for yourself its power. Large bottles 50c and \$1.00.

Florida has supplied California with 20,000,000 young orange trees since last September.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoric,

Wisen she had Chilldren, she gave them Castoria,

CATARRY COLD IN HEA ELY'S CREAM BALM

IS SURE TO CURE COLD IN HEAD

QUICKLY. Apply Balm into each nestril.

# MOTHERS' FRIEND MAKES CHILD BIRTH EAST

THERE can be no death without cause. Warner's Log Cabin COUGH AND AND CONSUMPTION REMEDY will prevent and cure the many disorders called Consumption.

Where His Love Was.

One night, when one of Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's sons was about five years old, he fell asieep in his mother's arms. When she put him into his bed she kissed him again and again and called him pet names. He was so sleepy that he could not kiss her in return, but he murmured drowsily, as if to comfort her for his seeming indifference: "Manmas my heart is histening to Mamma -heart-is-listening-toyou."-Home Maker.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for Consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send their express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. Slocum, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

Cheen Victoria and the emperor of China have equipped their palaces with American incandescent electric lights. The only novelty about the White house at Washington is the odor of pepperment used in testing the sanitary condition of its plumbing.



PERADELEGATES For two years 1 had beumatism so had that rheumatism so had that it disabled me for work

Jan. 8, 1880. Books on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed fren.

Swift Spzcific Co., Atlanta, Ga ICKHEADACHE Positively cured by these Little Pills.
They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and ToolHearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizzlines, Namea Drowsiness. Bad Taste in the Month, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side Tongue, Pain in the Si

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK. Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.



**CURE FITS** 

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